Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it prickes like thorne.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love downe.
Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-browes shall blush for me.
Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legges.
Rom. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseleſſe rushes with their heeles,
For I am proverb'd with a graunsire phrase,
'Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're so faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables owne word;
If thou art dun wee'll draw thee from the mire:
Or save you reverence love, wherein thou stickeſt
Up to the eares: come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. That's not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay,
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits,
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rom. In bed asleepe while they doe dreame things true.
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath been with you:
Shee is the Fairies Midwife, and shee comes in shape no bigger
than an Agat stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, over mens noses as they lye a-
sleep, her waggon spokes made of long spinners legges, the cover
of

of the wings of grashoppers, her traces
web, her collers of the moon-shines watr
Crickets bone, the lash of Philome, her
coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a rou
from the lazie finger of a man, her chari
nut, made by the Joyner Squirrell or old
the Fairies Coach-makers: and in this st
by night through lovers braines, and ther
on Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curs
fingers, who strait dreame on fees; o're L
kisses dreame; which oft the angry Mab
because their breath with sweet meates ta
shee gallops o're a Courtiers nose, and th
ling out a suit; and sometime comes she
tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe,
other Benefice; sometime shee driveth
and then dreames hee of cutting forraine
ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, of healths fi
then anon drums in his eare, at which he
being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or tw
this is that very Mab that plats the manes
and bakes the Elflockes in foule sluttish ha
tangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maides ly on their b
That presses them, and learnes them first t
Making them women of good carriage:
This is shee.
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkst, of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more unconstant than the wind, who
Even now the frozen bosome of the North
And being angred, puffes away from then
Turning his side to the dew-dropping Sou